A

POEM

Moſt humbly offered to the

MEMORY

Of Her late

Sacred Majeſty,

QUEEN *MARY.*

By *R. GOULD.*

Licenſed, *Jan.* 23. 169⅘.

D. POPLAR.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* and *Francis Saunders*, at the *Judge's-Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*, and the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1695.

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[redacted]

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BOth kind and fortunate the Year begun
Her happy Courſe, and long went ſmiling on;
Freſh Bleſſings daily opening to our view,
With Promiſes of Greater to enſue.
The *Senate* did their *Sovereign's* Wants ſupply,
And ready Grants are half a Victory:
That done, He early opens the Campaign,
Armies at Land, and Navies on the Main,
Where never *Britiſh* Sails before were ſpread
In Hoſtile Guiſe, our conqu'ring Fleets are led.
Lords of the Ocean long our ſelves we nam'd,
And now as far as that does reach, are fam'd.

Spain, whoſe *Armado* made the World afraid,
Fell by our Strength, and riſes by our Aid.
Though from the vaſter *Continent* diſ-join'd,
The Balance falls, as *Britain* is inclin'd:
If Peace ſhe gives, ſhe does compoſe the Jar,
And does as ſurely conquer, if 'tis War.
To their own Ports confin'd, the *French-Men* ſee,
"We ride without a Rival on the Sea.
As *Tourville*, *Ruſſell*; ſo their Gen'ral too
At Land does think it ſafeſt out of view,
Entrench'd he lies, and fights us by delay;
But let him think of *Cannæ*'s fatal Day.
A Day like that, and quickly too, may come,
And *Paris*, took, be humbled in her Doom,
Though that leſs famous Warrior fail'd of *Rome*.

Thus our Affairs abroad---- At home no leſs
The bounteous Year did all our Labour bleſs.
The fertile Soil, like *Ægypt* heretofore,
By Handfuls a prodigious Product bore:
Ne'er had the Reaper's Gripe ſo large a Pull:
And ſtill our Garners and our Stores are full.
Mean while our neighb'ring Foes, by want of Rain,
To Dearth reduc'd, had ſcarce their Seed again:
Starving, and haraſs'd by their *Tyrant*'s Luſt,
They crouch beneath his Spurn, and lick the Duſt.

This Harveſt o'er, another yet ſucceeds,
William return'd! and crown'd with glorious Deeds!

That juſt Reſtorer of our Rights and Laws:
And, hark! the Univerſal lov'd Applauſe
Welcomes, at once their great Deliv'rer home,
Our *CÆSAR*, too, from *Gaul* in Triumph come.
Bells, Guns, and Shouts in one loud Concert joine;
The Voice of Nations is the Voice Divine.
Scarce Sacred *Charles*, whoſe Abſence long we mourn'd,
Joy of our Hearts, more lov'd and bleſt return'd.
Saviour of Nations, hail! Nor have w'implor'd
The Pow'rs in vain, You are in Peace reſtor'd!

Thus far w'are happy—Hitherto the Year
Was not th'Occaſion of a Publick Tear:
Almoſt expir'd, who wou'd expect to find
Her blackeſt Day, and gloomieſt Scene behind!
It now has cancell'd all it gave before,
Ne'er but with Grief to be remember'd more!
Our Sun of Beauty's ſet! Our Joy is done!
And with Her Life the *Britiſh* Glory gone!

Where was the Guardian-Angel of theſe Iſles?
(On which, 'tis ſaid, delighted Nature Smiles)
Or where was Hers? To what ſtrange Region gone,
And left his Charge to Periſh here alone?
Return! Return! and, paler than Her Ghoſt,
See what the World by your Neglect has loſt!
Death of thy Abſence has th'Advantage took,
And dreadfully he grinn'd, and deep he ſtrook!
Baniſh'd from *Paradiſe* be now thy Doom,
Ne'er to thy Native Seat again to come:

Hadſt thou been careful, as thy Nature's kind,
Our Light that is extinguiſh'd, yet had ſhin'd!
But with our Hopes let now our Lives be done,
And that way mourn the QUEEN of *Britain* gone!

But though thy Miniſters their Charge forſake,
O Heav'n! thy Eyes for ever are awake.
You might, at leaſt, (but you are pleas'd 'tis ſo)
Have ſtood between HER and the Fatal Blow;
Nor let the pale-fac'd Tyrant from us torn
That *GEMM*, by *Britain* with ſuch Glory worn.
Why do we Mortals Adoration pay?
For Bleſſings praiſe you, and for Bleſſings pray?
If thoſe we deareſt love, and higheſt prize,
Are ſnatch'd the ſooneſt from our wond'ring Eyes!
Hard your Decrees! your Laws unequal made!
Why muſt the faireſt Flow'rs the ſooneſt fade?
Why muſt that Sacred Life ſo quickly end,
On which the Peace of Nations does depend?
In all Her Sweetneſs, Glory, Youth and Prime,
Abhorring Vice, and ſtill redeeming Time:
Ah, cruel Heav'n! ſo little in your Eye,
And yet leſs great in Pow'r than Piety.

When the bright Sun haſtes to his Ev'ning-Fall,
Like Age deceas'd, he ſcarce is miſs'd at all:
But if, in his Noon-Station in the Skyes,
A black Eclipſe does ſhroud him from our Eyes,
W'are pale with Fear, and his loſt Glory mourn,
Though ſure both Heat and Light will ſoon return.

How

How ſhall we then our preſent Fate deplore?
Our Light's extinct, and is to ſhine no more!

'Tis true, the Stars their baleful Infl'ence ſhed,
And Death's fierce Agents thro' the Town were ſpred,
Diſeaſes rag'd and whet their Arrows keen,
And flew in Peſtilential Air unſeen:
But *Princes* ſhould from common Ills be ſpar'd,
Not periſh meanly with the Vulgar Herd:
In Pow'r ſo like th' Immortals, they ſhou'd be,
Methinks, leaſt ſubject to Mortality.
Or granting humane Nature to be frail,
Prayer is preſcrib'd, why did not *Prayer* prevail?
Why deaf, ye Powers, to all our Vows and Cries?
Sent up aloud, yet baniſh'd from the Skies.
Ah, may we not too ſadly now complain,
That we have pray'd with Faith, yet pray'd in vain!
Had *Prayer* been efficacious, She had been
A Living, not a Dead, a Periſh'd QUEEN!

But 'tis your Will, and we ſubmit to Fate,
Our Part's to hope, and not expoſtulate;
Since in all Turns and Changes, here below,
You ſtill have Ends above our Reach to know:
Forgive me then, that thus I dare to blame
Divine Decrees, and tax the Sacred Name.——
But we may mourn —— That wretched Liberty
You cannot to our out-caſt Race deny:
Grief ſeems to be our ſole Prerogative,
Faithful to Life, and all that Life can give:

Your

Your Love and Bounty, as you pleaſe, are ſhown
In other things, but Miſery is our own.
Hear then, ye *Britains*, and attend me well,
While the ſad Muſe does all thoſe Wonders tell
In which the bright *MARIA* did excell:
Then, pale and dying with your Grief, bemone
Th'amazing Loſs of ſo much Goodneſs gone!

Tho' She did move in ſuch a Glorious Sphere,
She often ſtoop'd, and made the Poor Her Care,
And ſeem'd to place Her ſole Diverſion there:
Her Favour and Compaſſion did extend
Where e'er there was Occaſion to befriend.
Wide as Her Pow'r, and boundleſs as Her Mind,
Was Her diffuſive Love to Human-kind.
You, Ladies, that ſtill had HER in your View,
And ſaw to what a Pitch Her Vertues flew;
O blame me not, that in the Van I place
Her Charity, that firſt beſt Fruit of Grace:
Above the Clouds it does its Vot'ries raiſe,
And leaves on Earth their Everlaſting Praiſe:
But O! our Praiſe muſt now be mixt with Mone!
The QUEEN of Bounty, and of *Britain*'s gone!

But tho' this Vertue bore ſo ſtrong a Sway,
Yet did She not more often Give, than Pray:
The Charming Suppliant for our Fau'ts wou'd kneel,
And we th' Effects of Her Devotions feel.
How often has Her Sacred Knees been bent
Mercies to crave, and Judgments to prevent?
Ah!

Ah! grant (She'd cry) here, ere thy Vengeance fall
Upon theſe ſtubborn Lands and ruine all,
By Penitence they may thy Rage divert,
And make thy Laws their only joy of Heart.
Long they have err'd, and trod in impious Ways,
Prophan'd thy Sabbaths, and renounc'd thy Praiſe!
O ſet 'em right! and let Religion be
Not thus in talking of, but following Thee.
Such earneſt Raptures wou'd She, living, breathe,
And, dying, did in Legacies bequeath.
Who now will for a murm'ring People ſue,
That grudge both *Cæſar* and their *GOD* his Due?
Our Sins have loſt *HER*—— we can hope for none!
Our mighti'ſt Earthly Interceſſour's gone!

So firmly She all Sacred Truth believ'd,
(O more than Saint!) She ev'ry Month Receiv'd.
Fixt to that Orb, She kept Her Soul in Tune,
And thought She never cou'd excel too ſoon.
So eaſie all Offences to forgive;
Ev'n *Hermits* die leſs pure than *SHE* did live.
No Parallel can reach *HER*, *Lamb* or *Dove*,
Nor this in Innocence, nor that in Love.
Angels alone are with like Meekneſs grac't,
And dying Virgins only are as Chaſt.

If thoſe that moſt abaſe themſelves muſt be
Exalted, and attain the Top Degree,
SHE was a QUEEN by Her Humility.

Zealous not of Her own, but People's Ease,
For Pride and Sloth were Her *Antipodes*.
Tho' on Her Head She wore the sacred Gold,
Her Fingers wou'd the feeble Distaff hold;
Nor from the Needle would She turn her Hand,
But that and t'other artfully command;
The golden Thread in rich Embroidery twine,
Till it was wrought into some Form Divine;
At his Return Her Monarch to adorn,
And only fit to be by Monarchs worn.
How ill will this fam'd Pattern now agree
With the loose Race of Lazy Quality?
If, Ladies, you wou'd have a Glorious Name,
Like *HERS* in Life, and after Death in Fame;
Fly Idleness, and ill-perswading Ease,
Nor be too proud, or over-fond to please:
Think of the Plainness of your *Sov'reign*'s Dress,
It neither made Her Worth, or Beauties less.
If Vertue don't from Death her Vot'ries free,
How can you be preserv'd by Vanity?
Think of Her Fate, and soon expect your own;
Can Glow-Worms hope for Light, when Stars have none?

If Mercy shou'd some Humane Likeness take,
She cou'd not a more Glorious Figure make;
Cou'd not our Souls more pleasingly allure,
Or scarce more Blessings to those Souls procure.
No Sweetness, nor no Charm that Heav'n cou'd prize,
But sate triumphant in Her conq'ring Eyes!

To gaze but on *HER* struck so bright a Flame
Up in our Hearts, it yet does want a Name!
Not such with which weak Beauties blind our Sight,
At once 'twas Love, Amazement and Delight;
In Her soft Aspect, and Her easie Meen
Were all the Beauties, Loves and Graces seen,
And *SHE* o'er All presiding as their QUEEN.
Others they might to our Esteem prefer,
But they themselves had their Esteem from *HER*.
They flow'd not to *HER*, but did from *HER* run,
As Light from Flame, or Brightness from the Sun.
Then, when She spoke, She charm'd the Air around:
Musick no more was a harmonious Sound!
To savage Natures it did Mildness bring,
Rage was disarm'd, and Envy drop't her Sting.
If fam'd *Amphion* with his Lyre cou'd call
Th' enliven'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall;
What was Her Tongue, that cou'd our Jars compose,
More rugged, and to polish worse than those?
Weakness with Strength, the Backward with the Bold
She closely join'd, and in a *Gordian* Fold.
But O, the Line is cut! the Union's done!
The QUEEN of Concord, and of *Britain's* gone!

You who were with Her Royal Converse blest
Must feel this Blow more deeply than the rest;
Your Joys are null! the tuneful Voice is ceas'd!
Run through the Court with your dishevell'd Hair,
Swoon with your Grief, and rave with your Despair!

With

With Sighs and mournful Cries fill ev'ry Room,
Then pale as Death into the *Preſence* come!
Where late you waited on the Beauteous QUEEN,
Only the Canopy of State is ſeen;
And that too with dark Sables cover'd o're,
And dumbly ſeems *HER* Abſence to deplore.
Let not the Vulgar Sorrow yours exceed,
You ſhou'd not only weep *HER* Loſs, but bleed!
They cou'd but ſee Her outward Pomp and State,
Kneel at Her Feet, and on Her Chariot wait:
Yet when the Gracious *Sove'reign* paſs'd but by,
With Hands upheld, and Joy in ev'ry Eye,
God ſave HER! was the Univerſal Cry.
Then to their Toil return'd, a-new reviv'd,
As if *HER* Sight had made 'em longer liv'd.
Nor did they judge amiſs; the Nation took
Enlive'ning Hope and Comfort from Her Look.
But, O, no more She'll be in Publick ſeen!
No more be greeted with *God ſave the QUEEN!*
God ſave the QUEEN will now be heard no more,
With the united Voice and Cannon's Roar,
Echo'd from Land to Sea, and from the Fleets to Shore!
Deſpair and Horrour now aſſume the Place,
Anguiſh and Care, and all the ghaſtly Race!
That Voice of Melody is turn'd to Mone!
And with *HER* Life the *Britiſh* Glory gone!

Cruel Diſeaſe! of all Death's Agents worſt,
By Nature fear'd, and ev'ry Tongue accurſt!

Ev'n where you ſpare y'are fatal, leaving ſtill
Behind thee Marks of a moſt envious Will,
Ev'n that defacing which thou canſt not kill.
Thy Rage, like Winter, on our Verdure feeds,
And no reviving Spring thy Blaſt ſucceeds.
Beauty once gone, alas! returns no more,
No Pencil can the Glorious Rays reſtore,
That charm'd ſo ſoon, and ſhone ſo bright before.
Thou doſt at once what Age is doing long,
And harder treat the Beauteous and the Young.
By other Ills though w'are of Life bereft,
There's yet at leaſt ſome Humane Likeneſs left:
But when we do thy barb'rous Work behold,
We know not if the Dead were Young or Old.
From the deteſtable and loathſome Sight
We turn our Eyes, and ſtiffen with Affright!
The Mother knows her only Darling's gone,
And tears her Hair for Grief, but looking down,
She ſhrieks, and ſcarce believes it is her own!
By thee diſguis'd, ſo lies our Sacred QUEEN!
No more with Joy and Wonder to be ſeen!
A *Lazar*, ſcarce to Her Attendants known,
Her Vernal Hue and Balmy Sweetneſs gone!

Ye Sons of *Æſculapius*, boaſt no more,
That you the *Weak* to *Health* and *Strength* reſtore:
Vain is your *Learning*, and your *Art* a *Cheat*,
At leaſt 'tis ever *Fatal* to the *GREAT*.
All you can do is but a *happy Gueſs*,
And *a whole College* has the *leaſt Succeſs*.

Like a ſharp two-edg'd Sword you both ways ſlay,
Oft by your Haſte, and oft by your Delay.
Thoſe by your Help recover'd, had, no doubt,
Sooner recover'd to their Health without.
You are your ſelves an Epidemick Ill,
And for the Few you ſave you Thouſands kill:
To Plagues and Peſtilential Blaſts a-kin,
Their Poyſons reign without, and yours within.
From You 'tis Weakneſs to expect Relief,
Both *Atheiſts* in your Practice and Belief:
From *GOD* can Favour on your Work be ſhown,
When you ſo boldly argue there is *None*?
Yet O, (to this Reproof though juſtly mov'd)
Had You This Life preſerv'd Y'ad ſtood approv'd,
By Poets prais'd, and Nations been belov'd.
Thoſe that wou'd live muſt your *Preſcriptions* ſhun:
Tho' who, alas! wou'd value now his own?
The Great, the Good, the Juſt *MARIA* gone!

Adieu, Thou Beſt of Human-kind, adieu!
And O, not only Beſt, but Faireſt too!
A long Farewel Thy wretched Subjects give,
And for thy Death reſolve in Grief to live.
What tho' our Conqu'ring *Monarch* may reſtore
A Publick Peace? YOU muſt return no more!
YOU wou'd to us a Greater Bleſſing be,
Ev'n *Peace* was not ſo much ador'd as *THEE!*
While that was with us it leſs brightly ſhone,
Nor has been ſo lamented ſince 'twas gone!

But tho' for *HER* (ye Pow'rs!) in vain we pray'd,
Ah, let *HIS* Fate the longer be delay'd!
Thoſe Years, which for Her Reign ſo ſhort did ſeem,
And all *SHE* ſhou'd have liv'd transfer to *HIM*.
Yet ſo to pray is ſcarce to be His Friend,
Since but with Life His Sorrows will have End!
Ah, Gracious PRINCE! when You hereafter come
From *Gallia*, cover'd with Your Lawrels, home;
When You have done what Y'are preſcrib'd by Fate,
Enlarg'd our Bounds, and rais'd a ſinking State;
Compos'd our Foreign and Domeſtick Jars,
And put a Glorious Period to the Wars;
Though all the Nation ſhall in Joy appear,
The Court for Your Reception Balls prepare,
Will You not grieve to miſs *MARIA* there?
SHE was the Soul, the Nation's but the Ghoſt,
That, but the Shadow, *SHE*, the Subſtance, loſt!—
But then remember, *SHE*'s but loſt to gain
A Brighter Crown, and a more Laſting Reign!

FINIS.